Buſhie Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Ladie.)
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, conceit is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene God ſaue your maieſtie, and wel met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſette footing in this land,
The baniſht Bullingbrooke repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at Rauenſpurgh.
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong ſonne H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Buſhie Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, traitours?
Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruãts fled with him to Bullingbrook
Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire,
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſhie Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmity,
With couſening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who